

## LOVE CONQUERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE,"  
"A ROSE IN THORNS," ETC.

love him perhaps—he made known his birth and parentage, that would steel her against him. Yet he loved his early home. All the manifold and courage in him rose in not reaction against his silence. But to speak was to lose his love, or to lose the hope that was growing from it—a hope that would lead him to his life.

He stood once more by the millstream. How it all came back to him. The sunlit morning when Sir Hare Vibart had first spoken to him about the boat! How much had happened to him since then! One by one the honors which he had received passed through his mind. He had left home a poor unknown boy. Now he held every fair gift of the world in his hand. The week before he came to King's-Clyffe Sir Hare Vibart, having no children, no kindred, had formally made his will, in his favor, and had adopted him as his heir. He had left him the fine estate of Lullworth, with all the money he had accumulated; he had left him a place in the world, so that he would be an excellent match for any lady in the land, so far as money went. He remembered that as he stood with the sound of the mill-stream in his ear.

He looked across the fields. There in the far-off meadow—they called it the oak-meadow, when he was a child—with his gray head bent and his tall figure drooping, he saw his father busily at work, and his brother Desmond helping him. His heart warmed to them; he longed to go to them, to throw his arms around his father's neck, and cry out to him that he loved him, that he was not ashamed of him. But, if he did so, what of his love, what of Lady Lillias? He could not lose her; he would rather have died a hundred deaths. "It is a false position," he said to himself. "If I had my life to live over again, I would avoid it. I have a place, among the great people of the world; and yet, if my birth and origin were known, they would decline to associate with me. Lady Lillias would. I remember what she said about her father's sons."

Then he saw the whole party returning. He walked with slow steps down the lane, and suddenly, to his surprise, he saw Lady Lillias talking to a most beautiful girl—a picture of healthy blooming country beauty—with a tall, lithe rounded figure full of supple grace, a shapely head proudly set on grand shoulders, a dark handsome face glowing with health, fresh red lips, teeth whiter than pearls, dark bright eyes, and dusky rippling hair—a girl whose beauty took him by surprise; and, looking at her, he recognized his sister Kate, who, years before, had hung round his neck and begged him to leave home to be a gentleman. How well he remembered it, and how his heart went out to her! Lady Lillias was talking kindly to her; and Kate held a bunch of sweet honeysuckle in her hand, which had evidently been gathered for her ladyship.

He saw another thing too—the Duke of Raysford was looking at her with admiring eyes, and Vane trembled with impotent rage. The Duke, while Lady Lillias walked on, stayed behind; he begged some of the honeysuckle; and Kate, with a bright blush and flattered smile dimpling her face, gave it to him. Then—and the sight of it enraged Vane—the Duke laughingly touched the lovely face with his fingers, and Vane knew that he was saying something about the beautiful color of it. At that moment he could have struck the young Duke to the earth. He gave one quick glance around, but could not see his mother. His heart was heavy and sore in spite of the smile with which Lady Lillias greeted him.

"How ill you look, Mr. Vibart!" she said. "I could not imagine why you would not go in with us. Why did you not tell me you were ill?" His hands trembled and his lips quivered; he was filled with a sense of unworthiness that was gall and wormwood to him. Yet what could he do?

"Let us walk on for a few minutes," said Lady Lillias. What a lovely lane this is! I shall sketch that pretty picture of a farm-house some day before I leave King's-Clyffe. Look at this beautiful honeysuckle!"

She held it out to him, and he, knowing where it had grown, felt that the touch of the tender, graceful tendrils, was as the touch of her hand to him. She smiled as she continued.

"I knew it was a model farm-house. Everything in the kitchen was bright and shining, just as you see it in those wonderful Dutch pictures; and the mistress was a clean comely woman, so kind and nice in her manner."

"If she had known, if she had dreamed that she was his mother! Still smiling, she resumed—

"You will be sorry too that you missed another treat. I saw the prettiest girl in that farm-house that I have ever seen in my life—such a rosy, dimpled, blushing face. She reminded me of a May morning and everything in the world most sweet. I do not believe you are interested?"

"The eyes that met hers were so full of pain that Lady Lillias came to the conclusion that he was suffering deeply, and she said no more.

The same night the Duke of Raysford said to Captain Lorne—

tion had been that he should give up home. Vane felt miserably unhappy, and wished he had never accepted Lord Charnwood's invitation—but then he would not have seen Lady Lillias, and she was so kind and so gracious to him. He awoke from his reverie to find Lady Lillias was near him. White lilies were in the dead gold of her hair and in her dress of white silk with rich trailing laces, diamonds sparkled on her lovely arms and neck, and a smile was on her face—sweeter, Vane thought, than the face of woman ever wore before.

"What are you thinking about so deeply, Mr. Vibart?" she asked. "I have been watching you for the last five minutes; you look really as though you would never smile again."

As she spoke, she walked slowly from the long French window on to the terrace, and he followed her. He watched her as she drew over her shoulders a wrapper of white cashmere with golden fringe. There in the moonlight her beauty gained fresh radiance, for the light fell full upon her charming face and golden hair. She seemed to expect that he would accompany her.

"Every one prefers the moonlight," she said. "We are not singular in our taste." In a few minutes they had reached the garden where the lilies stood in thick clusters and the odor of roses filled the air with perfume.

"You look like the queen of the lilies," said Vane abruptly; "and as for me, Lady Lillias, my reason is going again, my senses are leaving me!"

There was no anger in the fair face. "Remind me, will you, of my folly," he went on—remind me that you are as far above me as the stars. Send me away with cold and cruel ridicule, send me from you with bitter words, for I love you—oh, heaven, how I love you—and how utterly vain I am!"

But no rebuke was in the sweet proud lips, no scorn was in the beautiful eyes. He saw a warm tremulous flush which rose even to the roots of her hair—he saw a tender wistful smile in her eyes; and he was bewildered.

"Send me away, Lady Lillias, while I have strength to go," he said. "Could any man keep sane while you smile so kindly? I love you. As I stand here I could worship you! The moonlight lies on your golden hair and kisses your beautiful face—a happy light! The sweet night wind carries you and all the white lilies you wear, ah, happy wind! For one touch of your white hands I would die! It is worse than madness, this outpouring; send me away while I have the strength to go!"

But no words came from her lips, which had grown strangely pale.

"You will never forgive me, Lady Lillias, I cannot help it. I love you so well that, standing here under the night sky, I swear to you that for one loving word from your lips I would die—I would die," he repeated; and his voice died away in a low sob.

Had he gone mad, or was he dreaming? A white hand, on which rare gems shone in the moonlight was laid upon his, and a sweet voice whispered to him—

"You need not die."

For one moment his brain reeled and he thought he should swoon. She was so near to him that the sweet subtle odor of the lilies she wore reached him—so near that her face was close to his.

"I will go to-morrow," he said; and his voice was heavy with tears. "You will forgive me—you will bear with my folly. To-morrow I will go, and I will pray Heaven never to bring me near to you again."

"You need not go," whispered the sweet voice again.

She never forgot the cry that came from his lips—a cry of wonder, pain, fear, and love.

"You do not mean to be cruel to me—you mean to be kind and gracious; but your words are sweetest poison. I cannot understand how you can say such things."

"I am not the one who does not understand," she said shyly and sweetly, but her shapely head nearer to him, and her face crimson, her eyes glowing from him. You will not understand?" she interrupted.

"I—I dare not," he cried. "You told me that it could never be—you sent me away—you left me with my heart crushed, even as you had crushed the meadow-sweet in your hands!"

"Listen to me," she said. "I am sorry that I crushed the meadow-sweet. I wish that I had it in my hands now—fresh and living."

There was a note of passion in her voice, and he heard it. What could it mean? He trembled like a leaf in the wind.

"If I continued, I would not crush it; and, if you said the same words now, I should answer them differently."

He could not believe it, although both of her hands were upon his, and her face was close to him; although she was looking at him with infinite tenderness, and the very light of love was in her face and shining in her eyes, he could not believe it.

"Do you understand now?" she said gently; and he answered her almost roughly.

when his passionate love-words had died away, she said to him—

"You are trembling still, Vane."

"I have not realized it yet," he answered. "I have never had any hope. Lady Lillias—"

"Are you going to call me Lady Lillias?" she interrupted, "after all this pretty kind things I have said to you? It seems very formal. When I speak to you with me, he said to her—

"He must call you 'Miss' always," said Vane. "I am trying for a while, but I cannot. I feel as though I should call you 'Lily,' though I had been kissing at the sun—Oh, Lily, sweet, can it be true that you love me?"

"I do love you," she replied. "Can it be true that you will be my wife?"

"Yes, if you ask me," she answered. "But, Vane, you have not asked me yet." He drew the beautiful head down upon his breast.

"Will you be my wife, my beloved?" he asked.

The answer contented him. Half an hour afterwards they were still by the lilies in the moonlight, and he was slowly beginning to understand his position.

"What will Lord Audley say?" he asked.

Lady Lillias laughed.

"He will say that I have chosen wisely and well," she replied. "It is an old promise between us that he should give me full liberty on that point. He liked you very much, and I think he will be delighted."

"What will the world say? Ah, my darling, the world will say you have thrown yourself away!"

"I am content," she replied. "I shall have love and happiness with you. I should have neither away from you."

And in that hour of supreme bliss and triumph he never gave one thought to the one secret of his life. Her love had graced him and placed him by her side. In the warmth of his triumph he forgot that he was keeping one secret from her.

CHAPTER XV.

"Tell it to me all over again; I cannot believe it. I spent the whole night looking at the moon and the stars, trying to find out whether I was dreaming or happily awake."

Vane was speaking. Lady Lillias had gone to the conservatory, where she went every morning to look at the flowers, and he had followed her.

"It is all quite true, and no dream," she answered. "Why should it not be true? No man could give me more than you have done, the whole treasure of your love and heart; such a gift must honor any woman. You look as though you had not slept."

"I am so happy," he said, "that I feel as if I could never sleep again."

"It was strange that at this very climax of his life, he forgot, as though it did not exist, the secret of his heart; his bewilderment of joy was so great that it never occurred to him. He was bound in all honor to tell Lady Lillias this secret; but every thought, feeling, and memory was merged in the one grand passion. He remembered nothing except that she loved him."

"Vane," said Lady Lillias, "I have a little sentimental fancy of my own. Will you gratify it?"

"You know that I will," he answered. "I should always like to think of yesterday as the happiest day of our lives; and I think the happiest time of all is when two people love each other and no one knows their secret. Let us keep ours two days longer; then of course you will go to Ulverscroft and see my father. The fact of our engagement should not be mentioned here until we have his sanction."

"You are right," he said.

"So we shall keep our secret for two days longer. I go home then, and you may follow me. It will be like having a little fairy land of our own. But," she added laughingly, "if it is to be a secret, you must not look so very fond of me, Vane."

"I cannot help it," he said; "my heart is in my eyes whenever I look at you."

"You must not look at me then," she replied, "knowing that he could not help that either. We shall have two perfectly happy days," she added. "We will not talk about the past or the future; we will not mention the words 'business' and 'marriage'; we will be lotus-eaters for the time. Do you agree?"

"I expect that I shall always agree with everything you say, my beautiful queen—I do not see how it is to be avoided."

They had one long summer day of uninterrupted happiness, a day they never forgot. They spent the greater part of it under a grand old cedar, where Lady Lillias affected to be working diligently at some intricate point-lace, and Vane held a book in his hands, of which he never saw one word. Lord Charnwood alone detected that there was something unusual, and wisely held his peace.

"If it be so," he thought, "it will be a splendid match for him, and one of the most beautiful women in England will marry for love."

Not once during that day did Vane think of the Meadow Farm. It was brought to his mind by his Grace of Raysford. While the ladies were preparing for dinner, the young Duke came to him and asked him, as there was time, to play just one game of billiards with him. Vane consented.

"I cannot think," said his Grace, "what has put you into such odd spirits. I wish I could feel the same."

"You would if you had the same cause," laughed Vane.

The Duke played wretchedly, and at last cried out—

"It is of no use; I am in a bad way! I am haunted by a dark beautiful face I saw yesterday at the old farm-house. I give you my word that at no Court in Europe have I seen a face half so beautiful as hers. What are you looking at me in that way for? Your face is as white as the chalk here. Surely you were not smitten with her?"

"I do not know what you are talking about," replied Vane.

ALLEN'S  
BRAIN FOOD

CASTORIA

Infants and Children

What gives our Children rosy cheeks, What cures their fevers, makes them sleep, Castoria.

When Babies fret, and cry he turns, What cures their colic, kills their worms, Castoria.

What quickly cures Constipation, Sour Stomach, Colds, Indigestion, Castoria.

Farwell then to Morphine, Strychnine, Castor Oil and Paregoric, and Hail Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to Children that I recommend it as superior to any medicine known to me."—H. A. ANCHUA, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 129 Fulton St., N.Y.

CENTAUR LINIMENT

An absolute cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Pain in the Back, Burns, Galls, etc. An instantaneous Pain-reliever.

FARMS on James River, Va., in Alden's Northern settlement, Illustrated circular free, I. F. Mancha, Claremont, Virginia.

Alden's Mammoth CYCLOPEDIA.

Over 300,000 subjects and 5,000 illustrations, numerous maps, 20 volumes, large octavo, \$21.00; cheaper edition, \$15.00. Specimen pages free. 500,000 volumes choice books—descriptive catalogue free. Books for examination before payment on evidence of good faith. Not sold by dealers—prices too low. John B. Alden, Publisher, 18 Vesey St., New York, P. O. box 1227.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease, and by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, no one is in my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give address and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

DR. LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER

266TH EDITION. PRICE ONLY \$1

By mail Post-paid.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE

KNOW THYSELF.

A GREAT MEDICAL WORK ON MANHOOD

"Exhausted vitality, nervous and physical debility. Premature decline in man, errors of Youth, and the untold miseries resulting from indiscretion or excesses. A book for every man, young middle-aged and old. It contains 125 prescriptions for all acute and chronic diseases, each one of which is invaluable. So found by the Author, whose experience for 23 years is such as probably never before fell to the lot of any physician. 300 pages, bound in beautiful French muslin embossed covers, full gilt, guaranteed to be a finer work in every sense—mechanical, literary and professional—than any other work sold in this country for \$2.50 or the money will be refunded in every instance. Price only \$1.00 by mail, post paid. Illustrative sample 6 cents. Send now. Gold medal awarded the author by the National Medical Association, to the officers of which he refers. This book should be read by the young for instruction, and by the afflicted for relief. It will benefit all.—London Lancet.

There is no member of society to whom this book will not be useful, whether youth, parent, guardian, instructor or clergyman.—Argonaut.

Address the Peabody Medicine Institute, or Dr. W. H. Peabody, No. 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass., who may be considered on all diseases requiring skill and experience. Chronic and obstinate diseases that have baffled the skill of all other physicians a specialty. Such treated successfully without an instance of failure. HEAL THYSELF.

A PRIZE send six cents receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address True & Co., Augusta, Maine, 17-19.

SEWARD A. HASELTINE, PATENT SOLICITOR & ATT'Y AT LAW, SPRINGFIELD, MO.

(Incorporated in Washington, D.C.)

ALLEN'S

DOCTOR

LOUIS TURNER, PROPRIETOR OF THE

WONDER,

CASTORIA

DOCTOR

LOUIS TURNER, PROPRIETOR OF THE

WONDER,

CASTORIA

Infants and Children

What gives our Children rosy cheeks, What cures their fevers, makes them sleep, Castoria.

When Babies fret, and cry he turns, What cures their colic, kills their worms, Castoria.

What quickly cures Constipation, Sour Stomach, Colds, Indigestion, Castoria.

Farwell then to Morphine, Strychnine, Castor Oil and Paregoric, and Hail Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to Children that I recommend it as superior to any medicine known to me."—H. A. ANCHUA, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 129 Fulton St., N.Y.

CENTAUR LINIMENT

An absolute cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Pain in the Back, Burns, Galls, etc. An instantaneous Pain-reliever.

FARMS on James River, Va., in Alden's Northern settlement, Illustrated circular free, I. F. Mancha, Claremont, Virginia.

Alden's Mammoth CYCLOPEDIA.

Over 300,000 subjects and 5,000 illustrations, numerous maps, 20 volumes, large octavo, \$21.00; cheaper edition, \$15.00. Specimen pages free. 500,000 volumes choice books—descriptive catalogue free. Books for examination before payment on evidence of good faith. Not sold by dealers—prices too low. John B. Alden, Publisher, 18 Vesey St., New York, P. O. box 1227.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease, and by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, no one is in my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give address and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

DR. LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER

266TH EDITION. PRICE ONLY \$1

By mail Post-paid.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE

KNOW THYSELF.

A GREAT MEDICAL WORK ON MANHOOD

"Exhausted vitality, nervous and physical debility. Premature decline in man, errors of Youth, and the untold miseries resulting from indiscretion or excesses. A book for every man, young middle-aged and old. It contains 125 prescriptions for all acute and chronic diseases, each one of which is invaluable. So found by the Author, whose experience for 23 years is such as probably never before fell to the lot of any physician. 300 pages, bound in beautiful French muslin embossed covers, full gilt, guaranteed to be a finer work in every sense—mechanical, literary and professional—than any other work sold in this country for \$2.50 or the money will be refunded in every instance. Price only \$1.00 by mail, post paid. Illustrative sample 6 cents. Send now. Gold medal awarded the author by the National Medical Association, to the officers of which he refers. This book should be read by the young for instruction, and by the afflicted for relief. It will benefit all.—London Lancet.

There is no member of society to whom this book will not be useful, whether youth, parent, guardian, instructor or clergyman.—Argonaut.

Address the Peabody Medicine Institute, or Dr. W. H. Peabody, No. 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass., who may be considered on all diseases requiring skill and experience. Chronic and obstinate diseases that have baffled the skill of all other physicians a specialty. Such treated successfully without an instance of failure. HEAL THYSELF.

A PRIZE send six cents receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in the world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address True & Co., Augusta, Maine, 17-19.

SEWARD A. HASELTINE, PATENT SOLICITOR & ATT'Y AT LAW, SPRINGFIELD, MO.

(Incorporated in Washington, D.C.)

ALLEN'S

DOCTOR

LOUIS TURNER, PROPRIETOR OF THE

DOCTOR

LOUIS TURNER, PROPRIETOR OF THE

WONDER,

CASTORIA

Infants and Children

What gives our Children rosy cheeks, What cures their fevers, makes them sleep, Castoria.

When Babies fret, and cry he turns, What cures their colic, kills their worms, Castoria.

What quickly cures Constipation, Sour Stomach, Colds, Indigestion, Castoria.

Farwell then to Morphine, Strychnine, Castor Oil and Paregoric, and Hail Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to Children that I recommend it as superior to any medicine known to me."—H. A. ANCHUA, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 129 Fulton St., N.Y.

CENTAUR LINIMENT

An absolute cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Pain in the Back, Burns, Galls, etc. An instantaneous Pain-reliever.

FARMS on James River, Va., in Alden's Northern settlement, Illustrated circular free, I. F. Mancha, Claremont, Virginia.

Alden's Mammoth CYCLOPEDIA.

Over 300,000 subjects and 5,000 illustrations, numerous maps, 20 volumes, large octavo, \$21.00; cheaper edition, \$15.00. Specimen pages free. 500,000 volumes choice books—descriptive catalogue free. Books for examination before payment on evidence of good faith. Not sold by dealers—prices too low. John B. Alden, Publisher, 18 Vesey St., New York, P. O. box 1227.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease, and by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, no one is in my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give address and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

DR. LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER

266TH EDITION. PRICE ONLY \$1

By mail Post-paid.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE

KNOW THYSELF.

A GREAT MEDICAL WORK ON MANHOOD

"Exhausted vitality, nervous and physical debility. Premature decline in man, errors of Youth, and the untold miseries resulting from indiscretion or excesses. A book for every man, young middle-aged and old. It contains 125 prescriptions for all acute and chronic diseases, each one of which is invaluable. So found by the Author, whose experience for 23 years is such as probably never before fell to the lot of any physician. 300 pages, bound in beautiful French muslin embossed covers, full gilt, guaranteed to be a finer work in every sense—mechanical, literary and professional—than any other work sold in this country for \$2.50 or the money will be refunded in every instance. Price only \$1.00 by mail, post paid. Illustrative sample 6 cents. Send now. Gold medal awarded the author by the National Medical Association, to the officers of which he refers. This book should be read by the young for instruction, and by the afflicted for relief. It will benefit all.—London Lancet.

There is no member of society to whom this book will not be useful, whether youth, parent, guardian, instructor or clergyman.—Argonaut.

Address the Peabody Medicine Institute, or Dr.